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Ezra Pound
And the Law
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The Problem of Berlin

By WALTER LIPPMANN

Our Om-nescient President

By FREDERIC W. COLLINS

Dehumanizing Art . . . . . *Joseph Frank*
Room at the Bottom . . . . . *Charles Curran*
A UN Documentary . . . . . *Stanley Kauffmann*

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Washington Wire

Waiting for the Beginning

SOME 1,500 NEWSMEN jam Geneva waiting for something to happen. In the first fortnight's deadly boredom they have taken to interviewing each other. Meanwhile in Washington Dulles has died. There is evidence that at the last Dulles recognized some concessions must be made to Moscow. He, almost alone, had the prestige to do this. The awkward thing now is that any such concessions from a lesser man are liable to destroy him. Both sides are waiting. The real conference hasn't started yet.

"Look at the Budget!"

IT IS HARD for this column to maintain its pose of genteel raillery when it comes to the subject of Eisenhower and education. The fact is our blood pressure mounts on this topic. Let's try not to bat the typewriter keys too vindictively and review what is to us, at any rate, a shameful record.

America's pauperized education was apparent when Eisenhower took office. In fact, none other than Bob Taft, in 1949, got through the Senate a $300 million "general aid" bill—which foundered on religious controversy in the House. Eisenhower took office in 1953 and for two years Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby "studied" the subject. Then she introduced a piddling, preposterous self-help bill that nobody took seriously.

Eisenhower's second, election-year bill recommended $250 million a year for five years. It was a straightforward, general-aid measure. The conservative GOP-Dixie coalition blocked it in the House. Eisenhower blamed defeat entirely on the Democrats and campaigned against them on the issue, repeatedly promising to do "in four years" what he had previously wanted to do, he said, in five.

Yet, with the election over, Eisenhower did not lift a finger for the measure. When it came up in the House in 1957, it lost by 5 votes. All the major GOP leaders voted against it. No word came from the White House. Secretary Folsom (Oveta's successor) quietly quit.

Then came Sputnik, October 4, 1957. The Administration trembled. The White House fear was that "the public might panic." First the Administration tried ridicule. Then the President made a gesture of action—he called in Dr. James Killian as special science advisor and urged Federal scientific scholarships. Congress approved the latter in 1957. But not a thing was done for general school construction. Too expensive. "Look at the budget!" Eisenhower kept saying.

Today the third Education Secretary, Arthur Flemming, has reverted to the original piddling type of self-help bill—$100 million a year in loans to needy areas, with nothing at all until 1960, and then under a legal formula so complex as to require either referenda or constitutional changes in half the states. All told—in view of circumstances at home and abroad—this neglect of education, represented in the current bill, strikes us as perhaps the most typical and the most shameful act of the myopic man in the White House.

This is not the end of it. A year and a half after Killian's appointment he comes forward now with a bright new, 16,000 word study, gravely stating in behalf of a nine-member panel of experts that the nation's investment in education is too little. It should be at least "doubled."

What strikes us most in all this is the simple cheekiness of it. The Administration announces that the world is round. What reply is there that is adequate? Let us take a deep breath, then, and merely set down what two others have said. Sen. William Fulbright (D, Ark.) at Columbia University, May 7, noted that the US is spending about 3 percent of its gross national income on education—the Soviet Union 8 percent. And Dr. Alvin C. Eurich of the Ford Foundation, back from Russia, stated: "To me the accomplishments in the field of education which Russia has made in a relatively short time are much more frightening than announcements that come from Russia concerning atomic or hydrogen bombs or guided missiles."

Roll Out the Barrel

THE MICHIGAN Manufacturers' Association sent to the homes of each of the 22 Republican state senators an exultant telegram concluding: "You have him (Democratic Governor Mennen Williams) over the barrel for the first time in 10 years. Keep him there until he screams 'uncle'. God bless each of you." Williams is supposed to be "over a barrel" because the NAM-backed Republicans who control the gerrymandered upper house are engaged in a sit-down strike to block him from using already collected but earmarked state funds to keep Michigan solvent. They gleefully charge that Williams' welfare laws have driven the state bankrupt.

Actually Michigan spends less on social welfare services than 33 other states. Michigan has, however, lost revenues heavily in the Detroit-induced "tail-fin" recession. And there are signs that the venomous big business attack on the repeatedly re-elected Williams was badly timed, is now back-firing and may ultimately aid rather than injure him.

Williams, along with Republican Nelson Rockefeller, is one of the few governors with the courage to ask boldly for higher taxes. The partisan GOP Michigan legislature won't vote them, partly because they want to embarrass Williams. "Blacken the name of Michigan," they argue, "so long as you blacken Williams, too." We think that by 1960 the courage to have asked for higher taxes in 1959 will aid, not handicap, a candidate. And we can't think of anything nicer to fall into a politician's lap than a telegram like that of the fat-cat Michigan Manufacturers.

Politics: We note the first faint stirrings of Presidential activity in the Rockefeller camp. . . . Eisenhower's Gallup Poll popularity is rising; it always does in an international crisis. . . . Meanwhile the GOP popularity is down to an all-time low. . . . The GOP candidate must carry his *party* in 1960; by contrast, the Democratic Party must carry its *candidate*.

T.R.B.

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GILBERT A. HARRISON, *Editor & Publisher*
HELEN FULLER, *Managing Editor*
SELIG S. HARRISON, *Associate Editor*
ROBERT EVETT, *Book & Music Editor*
F. R. RUSKIN, *Asst. to the Publisher*
Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel, B. H. Haggin, Irving Howe, Gerald W. Johnson, Stanley Kauffmann, James E. King, Jr., Helen Hill Miller, Michael Straight

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Summer Schedule

FOR A short time each summer, *The New Republic* is published every other week. This year, summer issues will be dated July 6, July 13, July 27, August 10 and August 24. Weekly publication will be resumed on September 7.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
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How Much Flexibility?

THERE ARE CRITICS of the President and the State Department in this country (and more of them abroad) who appear to believe that the major obstacle to an agreement with the Russians over the future of Berlin and Germany is the intransigence and inflexibility of US diplomacy. That seems to us a faulty explication of why the Geneva conference has thus far been so unproductive. A conciliatory attitude is desirable, but there are definite limits to the concessions which the West can risk and to the concessions the Russians are likely to make.

A companion assumption to the one that a less unbending attitude in Washington could make all the difference is that the Russians are, after all, "reasonable." ("They don't want war," "They fear a rearmed Germany," etc.) But there is no universal standard of reasonableness. It is, one might say, "reasonable" for the Soviet Union to keep Eastern Europe in the hands of the Communists, and to keep the Communists in the hands of the Soviet Union; it is "reasonable" for Khrushchev to try and get the West out of Berlin; it is "reasonable" for the Russians to talk peace and maintain the largest military establishment in the world; it is "reasonable" for them to try to pry the Western alliance apart.

None of these Soviet objectives is "reasonable" to those who reject both the rightness and the inevitability of Communist expansion. The West must be willing and eager to explore any and all possibilities for compromising differences and reducing the risks of war. But it must also be absolutely clear and consistent on what it considers "reasonable."

In the dispute between East and West over Germany, there are in our judgment three objectives which should be paramount in Western diplomacy. The first is the safety and freedom of 2.5 million Berliners. We cannot accept Khrushchev's theory that "Berlin lies on the territory of the [East] German Democratic Republic." Instead, we must insist on the need for a free West Berlin to retain its currency and constitutional links with the Federal Republic; we must insist on a continuing right of access to Berlin; and on the right of the three Western powers to retain troops in that city so long as Germany remains divided. A second paramount interest of the West is that the door be kept open to German reunification. Reunification is not likely to come soon; it may never come; but it is "reasonable" for the Western Powers to hold fast to the principle that all Germans ought some day to enjoy the right of self-determination. And finally, it is an essential of Western policy that no reduction of Western military force in Europe is permissible which places the West at a further disadvantage *vis-à-vis* Soviet military capability.

If the Geneva talks end with no agreement, the world will be better off than if agreement were paid for by the sacrifice of any of these central Western interests.

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Reopen Fallout Hearings

IF THE AMERICAN people are going to learn the truth about the biological effects of fallout from atomic weapons testing, it is going to be necessary to reopen the Congressional hearing concluded by the Atomic Energy Subcommittee on Radiation three weeks ago. The statements and reports submitted during that 3½-day session need to be re-examined, contradictions challenged and gaps filled in.

Every scientist knows the statement at the hearing that there has not been a single observable effect of fallout was true only in that one cannot tell the difference between the deformity produced by radiation and the deformity produced by a genetic mutation from some other cause. Geneticists know that 160,000 to 200,000 of the four million babies born each year show some evidence of genetic damage. Some 16,000 to 50,000 of these cases are attributed to the radiation of cosmic rays and radioactive substances naturally present in the earth, air and drinking water. It will take scientists several hundred years to determine the damage produced by the radiation from fallout, now as high as 75 percent of the background level in some places, witnesses testified.

But a study in Maryland has already begun to show a correlation between the incidence of cancer and the low levels of radiation from radioactive substances in the ground. And a study in New York State has begun to show a correlation between the number of deformities, missing limbs, etc. and the radiation from active materials in rock outcroppings. These studies are giving us, for the first time, a glimmer of the human price we are paying for atomic testing. Yet the scientists conducting these studies were not asked to appear at the hearing or even to submit a report. Members of the Committee who knew about the studies were apparently satisfied by advance reassurances that there isn't a single provable case of damage by fallout.

The obvious contradictions between scientists on the life-shortening effect of radiation was not challenged. No mention was made of the strontium-90 that is showing up in wheat, bread, vegetables and milk in parts of the country where fallout has been heavy. No one breathed a word about the fact that during a single day—July 16, 1957—the amount of strontium-90 that rained down on parts of North Dakota was more than that which had come down in some other parts of the country during the entire atomic age. New York City took two years to accumulate the amount which fell on North Dakota that one day. A copy of the report written by a University of North Dakota scientist on this incident was given to one of the Committee but was not mentioned.

Members of the Committee approached by scientists who complained about the way the hearings were being conducted ducked behind the excuse that "this is a very complicated subject." But if it was too complicated for them to fathom, they could have left the questioning to an impartial scientist who knew the field.

Where were the scientists from Minnesota who were worrying about strontium-90 in wheat? Where were the scientists from St. Louis who were worried about milk and were collecting baby teeth to check for strontium? Where were the scientists on the US Public Health Service's National Advisory Committee on Radiation who talked of gaps in the AEC's radiation program? Where were the noted geneticists and biologists who have been writing papers warning of the biological damage being produced by fallout? And where were the scientists who have been studying the effects of radiation in Maryland and New York State?

At the end of last year, an important resolution was adopted by the governing council of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the organization with which most scientists and their professional societies are affiliated. It said, in part:

> It is our further task to help in the transmission and translation of this knowledge [of the effects of radiation] to the public, for the final and effective decisions on nuclear control must be made not by scientists alone, not by the military, but by all citizens.

Reopen the hearings, gentlemen, and let the public know.

Mr. Strauss' Friends

TWO FAT VOLUMES of testimony and several majority and minority reports on whether Lewis L. Strauss should be confirmed as Secretary of Commerce will soon be in the hands of the Senators who will serve as final jury. The vote is expected to be close—the latest poll indicates 47 for confirmation, 46 against, and five undecided. Under such circumstances wise leaders look for secondary motivations that may upset their calculations. And those who are opposing the Strauss appointment fear they have discovered one. As is often the case this crucial political intelligence comes from the financial press.

On May 18, 1959, the *Journal of Commerce* headlined a page one story: TEXTILE QUOTA HOPES LINKED TO STRAUSS; *Mill State Senators' Support Seen Swinging Cabinet Confirmation.* "Admiral Strauss," said the *Journal,* "reportedly is banking heavily on the support of Textile State Senators in his fight for confirmation."

> They in turn look hopefully to the Secretary designate for support within the Administration for rigid quotas on textile imports. . . . There has been little or no opposition to the Admiral from Southern and New England Democrats . . . the Admiral and the textile

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> Senators have a mutuality of interests . . . Sens. John O. Pastore (D, R.I.) and Strom Thurmond (D, S.C.) have pledged him two votes in the Commerce Committee which are believed to be enough to rescue his embattled nomination.

"The Executive Branch," the story continues,

> has withstood the pressure, arguing that the voluntary import curbs are the best that can be devised without emasculation of a liberal US trade policy.
>
> With Admiral Strauss confirmed as a Cabinet member, however, the Senators have reason to believe their pleas will get a friendlier audience.

On May 20 the textile trade publication, *Daily News Record,* hailed an Administration change of stand. President Eisenhower, it reported, had authorized a new Inter-Agency Committee on textile problems "overruling State Department objections, along with those of the Bureau of the Budget." A spokesman for Admiral Strauss' Commerce Department staff announced industry advisers for the committee would be named "following consultation with Senator Pastore and others on Capitol Hill."

"Textile State Senators," the *Journal of Commerce* wrote before the request for the new committee was granted, believe "they have a pledge from [Strauss] for a more sympathetic hearing of their appeals for more import protection." With the "friendlier audience" for textile states already a reality, the "undecided" and "for" columns in the Strauss vote may pick up some new support among the Democrats.

Victory for Housing

THE SMASHING victory for public housing in the House last week showed what can happen when Speaker Rayburn and the liberals put their full weight behind a punch. A broad housing bill got past a gauntlet of Republican and Democratic conservatives with only one bad bruise—a provision which gives Congress power to turn federal funds for such long-range programs as urban renewal on and off, preventing proper planning. However, the Democratic leadership is hopeful this can be eliminated in the upcoming conference with the Senate on the bill.

As passed by the House the bill pumps $1.5 billion into urban renewal over three years; authorizes construction of 140,000 public housing units over four years; adds $400 million to the college housing loan program; gives FHA more money to work with and liberalizes its mortgage terms; sets up a new program designed to build housing for the aged.

Speaker Rayburn's team displayed brilliant technique. "Enough grease for the Fat Cats" was included in the bill to inspire private home builders to burn up the telegraph wires for it, while their usual allies—the

CONGRESSIONAL VOTES ON HOUSING
BUDGET FIRST, PEOPLE AFTERWARD
BOO! LOOK OUT FOR GALLOPING SOCIALISM
IF IT'S FOR THE PUBLIC IT CAN'T BE GOOD
HERBLOCK
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National Association of Real Estate Boards—stuck with the Republicans who went down trying to defend the far less ambitious proposals endorsed by the President. When the Administration bill became indefensible, the GOP and Southern conservatives got behind a bill sponsored by A. Sydney Herlong, Jr., (D, Fla.). The Herlong bill called for about one-third as much money for urban renewal, stop-and-go financing for long-range programs and no public housing.

Albert Rains (D, Ala.), architect of the successful measure and its floor manager, charged the Herlong bill was "a cleverly contrived, deceptive proposition" aimed at overthrowing the Democratic leadership and helping the builders and bankers, but not the people who need modest priced housing. House Minority Leader Charles A. Halleck (R, Ind.) countered it was as liberal a bill as could become law, hinting broadly that the President would veto the Rains bill.

On the first test of the Herlong bill, 177 Representatives marched between the tellers counting the "yes" votes. But liberal Democrats, with the help of a few Republicans, piled up 203 votes against it. The Herlong bill lost again in the closing minutes of debate, 189-234 (D, 60-215; R, 129-19). The Rains bill finally passed by a vote of 261-160 (D, 228-45; R, 33-115).

Amendments were offered in rapid-fire order during the three days of debate. But an anti-discrimination clause offered by John F. Baldwin (R, Cal.), designed to split the Democrats and thereby sink the Rains bill, was the most dramatic. It resembled an amendment

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offered earlier in this debate—and many times before—by Adam C. Powell (D, N.Y.). But when the vote was taken, Powell and the three other Negroes in the House marched between the tellers counting the "no" votes. (Powell, colleagues believe, may have finally seen the futility of getting support for his disruptive tactic and was glad of the excuse offered for reversing himself in this case: the sponsor of the anti-discrimination amendment on the second round had *opposed* the amendment when Powell offered it.) The liberals applauded, and Majority Leader John McCormack (D, Mass.) went as far as it is possible to go, calling Powell "a statesman."

It has taken the liberal Democrats in this Congress a long while to flex their muscles. At last they seem to have decided: "Vetoes be damned, full speed ahead."

Engle Speaks Up

CLAIR ENGLE of California is not the man one would have expected to deliver the most searching and effective critique of US China policy yet voiced in the Senate. And Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut—a fire-breathing foe of aid to Tito—is the last man one would have expected to express prompt agreement with "most of what the Senator has said," and to applaud him for "the courage and intellectual honesty to raise these questions and frankly discuss them."

On May 21, Senator Engle proposed a five-point, gradual revision of the US policy toward China, and most of what he said has not previously been heard on the Senate floor:

> ► As a start, we should be willing to negotiate the entrance of Chinese correspondents to the United States on a basis of reciprocity. . . .
>
> ► We should be willing to discuss with Red China the possibility of placing our trade . . . on the same basis as our trade with the Soviet Union.
>
> ► We should make it plain that although we intend to maintain our treaty obligations with respect to Formosa, we have no intention of supporting military adventures against the mainland of China. . . .
>
> ► We should assume the initiative in placing the defense of Formosa on a broader international base. . . . Why should we not place the matter squarely before the United Nations . . . and ask a committee of the UN composed of Asians or on which Asians are predominantly represented to come forth with some positive suggestions?
>
> ► We should consider the possibility at some stage during these proceedings, especially if the Mao government shows any disposition to meet us halfway, to negotiate . . . on issues of substance at a level higher than the present ambassadorial talks in Warsaw.

Mr. Engle comes from California, where trade with China is not unpopular, especially with shipping executives (*e.g.* some Engle contributors in the American President Lines). But he has gone beyond trade to consider—and reject—point by point the broad premises of present US policy. Thus, he deals at length with the "falling dominoes" thesis that non-Communist Asia would interpret any change in China policy as a sign of softness toward Peking and would lose confidence in the survival value of non-Communist societies. To be sure, Administration insistence on the imminent collapse of the Peking regime has created a situation which cannot easily be changed without to some extent seeming to "retreat." In fact, however, the "retreat" would not be from China but from a corner into which we have painted ourselves to nobody's gain and to the astonishment of neutralist and non-neutralist Asians.

"United States China policy," Mr. Engle concluded, "has very little to do with the willingness of the people of Asia to resist Communist aggression and subversion." Japan, Thailand and Pakistan, as much as India, Indonesia and Burma, "have already established their relationship, as well as their resistance, to China." In contrast to "our insensitivity to what has caused Communism to emerge in China," the Asian countries

> appreciate the circumstances under which revolution occurred in China. They are sensitive to the various courses the revolution can take, and they are convinced that our China policy is aggravating Communist excesses and is perpetuating threats to the peace of Asia.

(Two days before Mr. Engle's speech, J. Graham Parsons, successor to retiring Assistant Secretary of State Walter S. Robertson, reaffirmed that the Administration does "not accept . . . as an irredeemable fact that the Communists are in enduring control of mainland China.")

The Prophetic *NR*

TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS ago this week in an article in *The New Republic* on candidate Franklin D. Roosevelt, it was said:

> He is a patron of politics; despite the effectiveness with which he plays the game at its realistic worst, he, like Woodrow Wilson, condescends toward the people he would help and the problems he seeks to solve. It is true, he makes excellent speeches about "the forgotten man"; but he is no spokesman for that man by any blood brotherhood; he has just read about him in books. In this world of desperate problems crying for desperate remedies, I question the effectiveness of the scholar-gentleman even when he means as well as anyone can. Many people whose opinions I am accustomed to respect take his progressivism seriously; but to me he seems rather the good fellow who talks in terms of restitution to the poor, but would not do anything which would seriously hurt the rich.

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Hospital Strikes

NEW YORK CITY'S hospital strike is an almost classic illustration of bad behavior by all parties. The labor relations policies of the six hospitals have been stupid. The weary old arguments about union interference in the care of patients echo the contentions of publishers early in the history of the Newspaper Guild that unionized reporters would slant the news. Newspapers have been just as conservative and, it is safe to assume, hospitals will be just as efficient after unionization as before it.

Two New York City hospitals—Montefiore and Maimonides—have signed union contracts and the skies have not fallen. The argument against unions comes with particularly bad grace from institutions which underpay and overwork their employees. The extent of the exploitation may be surmised from the recent willingness of the hospitals to raise wages to a minimum level of $1 per hour. There is every evidence that the Retail Drug Employees Union would have settled before the strike for adequate arbitration and grievance procedures. But the hospitals would not yield.

Nevertheless, a hospital strike is a very disturbing phenomenon. The emotional response it evokes resembles the nightmare of a city without policemen or firemen. It is fortunate that in this particular situation volunteers and supervisors in adequate numbers are caring for the ill. Indeed, this is one of the few cases where it is possible to sympathize with both strikers and strikebreakers. And, it is a question whether the union might not have appealed more effectively to public opinion if it had refrained from striking. It is a further question whether workers in hospitals, however wretchedly treated they may be, do not have special responsibilities which should limit or even prohibit the use of the strike weapon.

What principles can be applied to such perplexing situations—principles which treat fairly both individual groups of workers and the larger community? The first principle is a platitude which needs repetition: like every other right, the right to strike is limited, even though it plays an indispensable role in the delicate social balance of forces. What limits the right to strike is the equally clear right of any community to maintain the vital services which directly affect the safety and health of the population. It is not easy to distinguish situations which threaten the community from situations which merely inconvenience it. Since the point of a strike is to cause inconvenience, the community which uses inconvenience as an excuse to limit strikes undermines this vital civil liberty. At the moment, the hospital strike in New York causes no more than inconvenience; it raises in acute form no issue of public health. But there is no assurance that a larger, more inclusive strike in hospitals may not some day raise such an issue. If it does, it is difficult to see how a community could permit any interruption in the care of the sick.

We can identify a second principle: every time, in the public interest, the community asks a union to give up or accept a limitation upon its ultimate weapon, it owes to the employees concerned a guarantee of fair treatment. How can this guarantee be interpreted? Ideally, workers should be assured compensation similar to that earned by individuals of like skills and experience in other occupations. To guarantee such compensation it will be necessary to establish appropriate grievance machinery in which unions are recognized at all levels, provide arbitrators with sensible policy guides, and insure compliance with arbitration awards. The frantic but ineffective peacemaking efforts of Mayor Wagner testify not only to his personal inadequacies but also to his lack of principle. It has never been certain whether the Mayor considers the strike illegal, whether he favors union recognition, or indeed what he values in this settlement outside of his constituents' votes.

Ruml on the Colleges

BEARDSLEY RUML has devised a neat, cheap plan for strengthening higher education in the United States. The trouble with it, as one eminent scholar expressed it, is that "When you need an overcoat, it's no economy to go out and buy a light jacket even at the saving!"

In his new book, *Memo to a College Trustee*, Mr. Ruml proposes a near doubling of faculty salaries by means of:

1. Reducing the number of courses.
2. Reducing the student's class schedule from 15 to 12 hours a week.
3. Increasing the student-faculty ratio to a normal 20 to 1, discarding the "sheer fantasy" that ratios of 8 or 9 to 1 mean better teaching.
4. Providing a new system of large lecture classes averaging 300 students, lecture-discussion classes averaging 75 students, and seminars averaging 11 students, thereby making it possible to reduce the number of faculty, and the number of hours spent on the average by faculty in teaching to about 9 a week.

It reads like a taxpayer's dream, but the nightmarish feature of it is that it means less education and a lower quality of education at a time when the need is for the opposite. It's the Volkswagen production technique applied where it shouldn't apply—cut out the "frills" and mass produce; and along with costs, you cut quality and variation.

Ruml's approach has something in common with that of Dr. Seymour Harris, the Harvard economist, who's stumping the nation with the idea that increased costs of education should be met by loading them on the student, even to the point of requiring amortization of the debt

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over 60 years. The community's stake in the best education for its youth is played down. In sharp contrast, Russia not too long ago made a college education available without cost.

Many are surprised to have this kind of philosophy "prepared and transmitted" by the respected Fund for the Advancement of Education even though in his preface President Clarence H. Faust says the book "is in no sense a statement of Fund policy." Most disturbing, perhaps, is Ruml's proposal that faculty control over the curriculum be taken away and given to trustees. Boards of trustees of most colleges today are dominated by businessmen and industrialists. These men, their concerns and their industries, are commendably increasing their support of higher education (and thereby higher education's dependence upon them). But most business leaders will respect the fact that control by them, or by any other outside influence, over the choice of courses and their content and administration would be harmful to the independence and integrity of any educational institution. Thus, the Ruml notion that the business community should have not only general trusteeship over higher education but also precedence over faculty in matters of curriculum is both curious and a little ominous.

Juvenile Delinquents

As CONCERN about juvenile delinquency grows, the practical question of who is to do what about it becomes correspondingly acute. Not only local and national jurisdictional rivalries are involved, but a conflict between the get-tough impulses of some lawmen and the attitude of social workers and educators for whom prevention and cure take precedence over punishment. For example, the National Education Association is soon to circulate among the nation's teachers a special study—prepared after a series of regional conferences and a national conference last week of more than 200 leaders in schools, youth courts, clinics and government agencies—which concentrates on the social and class factors in delinquency. It points in general to the greater delinquency among depressed economic groups and in particular to frustrated social class strivings as a source of delinquent behavior (to the "aspiring lower class . . . for whom family or other community influences have produced a desire to elevate their status but who lack the necessary personal attributes or cultural equipment to make the grade.")

The study suggests that a preoccupation with legal and psychiatric remedies may serve to divert attention from relevant social and economic factors. At the Washington conference, where the NEA study was reviewed prior to its distribution, some were disturbed by this notion that delinquency might have something to do with social and economic circumstances and thought such a document—bearing the NEA imprimatur—ought not to be circulated in the school system.

Similarly, some of the discomfiting implications which arise in considering the delinquency problem came to light in recent hearings before a Subcommittee of the House Committee on Appropriations headed by Representative Fogarty. One of the youth workers who testified before Mr. Fogarty's Subcommittee was Vincent Riccio, who described his work with teenage gangs. The same Mr. Riccio, appearing on Mike Wallace's show last year, defended the use of marijuana. "It's not dangerous, and the kids don't bop when they're turned on," he said. Are we ready to reconsider the legal prohibition of marijuana?

The best-publicized testimony before the Committee was that of FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, who, in criticism of youth courts, said that

> men and women who pretend to be interested in supporting measures to solve racial, labor and general welfare problems . . . actually have no sincere or honest interest at all in these problems. The truth is that such people are closely allied to subversive forces in this nation and are exploiting shamelessly racial, labor and welfare issues in carrying out the Communist Party line.

Mr. Hoover's "hard" line that delinquents be treated as are other criminals runs head-on into the concensus of nearly all professionals who work with young people. And fortunately, the Fogarty Subcommittee was impressed by testimony of other witnesses: two New York youth workers experienced in fighting gangs, a psychiatrist at New York's Albert Einstein School of Medicine, a professor from Michigan State's School of Police Administration and Public Safety. All urged an increase in appropriations to enable the National Institute of Mental Health to carry out programs through which a specific area of social blight, such as New York's Lower East Side, may be subjected to a "saturation" of services, intervention programs, and community reorganization.

Following this testimony the Committee submitted a report calling upon the National Institute

> to use such portions of the increased 1960 funds as may be necessary to undertake a most careful and thoughtful study of what can and should be done in future years in the field of juvenile delinquency . . . and submit a detailed report by January 1, 1960, including both substantive and fiscal proposals. . . .

Sweetening the Rivers

REP. JOHN D. DINGELL of Michigan has a fascinating avocation—reprinting murder stories in the *Congressional Record*. These are of the death, through pollution, of a river, a lake or stream. Some are grisly indeed. In the first three months of the 1959 session, Mr. Dingell found more than 60 worthy of reprinting—a fitting ex-

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ample of the speed with which pollution nationwide is outdistancing attempts to clean it up.

Congressman Dingell and others oppose the Administration's attempt to reduce the federal budget by turning over to the states the national sewage cleanup campaign which was begun under the anti-pollution act of 1956. This act was never adequate. The Public Health Service estimates it would take $5 billion just to make all our rivers and lakes sweet and fresh again, and $500 million more yearly to keep them that way. But the 1956 act authorized only $50 million in annual grants to communities to help finance sewage-treatment works, at a limit of $250,000 per community or 30 percent of the cost of the facility. This is of real benefit only to small communities; but on the other hand it is often they who most need to clean up.

Another complication is that the act provides that a downstream community has first to complain against being deluged by the sewage of an upstream one and go through an elaborate hearing before the Public Health Service is authorized to order a cleanup.

The PHS has found a way around that obstacle, however. Recently it issued an order to Sioux City, Iowa, to cease dumping the sewage of 70,000 people and 10 packing plants into the Missouri River to float down to the water intakes of Council Bluffs and Omaha. The latter two had complained that though Sioux City lies 100 miles upstream, they could smell its sewage every day in the river. If the order is not obeyed, the PHS, after due course, can seek enforcement through the federal courts. The health agency is planning similar action against St. Joseph, Missouri, which is accused of dumping the effluent of 80,000 people plus the offal from its packing plants into the river.

These are indicative of the distressing conditions that have prevailed along the Missouri River, which has been described as an open sewer 1,000 miles long. But it is also a region in which the good effect of the 1956 act has been most pronounced, as shown by a report of Glen Hopkins, regional PHS engineer at Kansas City, to a recent meeting of the Missouri Basin Inter-Agency Commission. Mr. Hopkins reported that 396 sewage-treatment plants, to cost about $90 million in all, had been started in the 10 states sharing the Missouri Basin with grants afforded under the 1956 act. These will take about $19 million in federal grants, or a little more than 20 percent of the cost; so in effect one federal dollar devoted to pollution-abatement has put four local dollars to work. To speed this hopeful process, Rep. John Blatnik (D, Minn.) has introduced a bill to double the sum for federal aid—instead of eliminating it as the Administration suggests. Imagine Mr. Blatnik's surprise the other day when he found an unsolicited letter in his mail from the new Republican Governor of New York praising the Congressman for fighting the President.

The Problem Of Berlin

by WALTER LIPPMANN

MR. LIPPMANN'S *statement of his position follows a discussion in these pages of proposals which he advanced on returning in March from a European visit. His views on a new Berlin statute have been examined in* The New Republic *by Louis J. Halle, C. L. Sulzberger, Hans Morgenthau, Hubert H. Humphrey, Richard Lowenthal, Terence Prittie, Otto Heinrich v.d. Gablentz, Lord Henderson, Frank Church, Max Beloff, Theodor Eschenburg and Karl Jaspers.*

AS FOR BERLIN, the crisis was resolved in March, some seven weeks before the Foreign Ministers met in Geneva. It was resolved in that each side conceded the main point of the other side. After that the problem of Berlin has been to find the juridical and political form in which the basic agreement is to be embodied.

The Berlin crisis was precipitated by the Soviet note of November 27, 1958, which asserted that the Four Power Occupation Agreements of 1944 and 1945 have become "null and void." Therefore, the Allied troops in West Berlin have no right to be there, and should be withdrawn. Against this Soviet claim the Allies stood firm and made it quite plain that they meant to maintain their indubitable right to remain in Berlin. On March 19, Mr. Khrushchev conceded this crucial and decisive point, saying that the Allies "have lawful rights for the deployment of troops as occupiers." It follows from this declaration that the Western rights of occupation cannot be terminated by the Soviet Union or by the East German Government. They cannot be terminated unless and until the Allies sign a peace treaty with Germany. This

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can never be done until there is a government which the Allies recognize as the German Government.

Parallel with the Soviet's concession that the Allies may remain in West Berlin, the Western Allies or at least the United States and Great Britain came to the decision that they would not treat it as a fighting matter if East German officials replaced Soviet officials on the access routes to Berlin, provided they did no more and no less than the Soviet officials have been doing since the end of the Berlin blockade in 1949. However disguised, this was a decision to grant a limited de facto recognition of the East German state.

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These mutual concessions resolved the Berlin crisis. The real problem at Geneva, and perhaps later at the Summit, is how to set down this basic agreement in a document which is respectable and reliable. To do this the Four Powers will have to satisfy certain conditions.

The first is that the agreement about West Berlin must be at once provisional and yet designed to last for a long time. It must be provisional because West Berlin is a city within a foreign city within a foreign country. This is an artificial arrangement. It must be regarded as provisional until the day comes when Germany is reunited. But as that day is far off, indefinitely far off, the provisional agreement must be built to last a long time.

It has to be an agreement which the Soviet Union and the East German Government are likely to observe, an agreement which the Allies and West Germany will continue to be concerned about, and last but not least, the agreement must be one which the West Berliners will have confidence in.

My own view is that we are most likely to accomplish these things if we can negotiate with the Russians a new charter or statute for West Berlin. This document ought to declare explicitly that the Western Allies have had and still have a lawful right to keep troops in West Berlin until it becomes again the capital of a reunited Germany. The document should spell out what are the Allied rights of access to West Berlin, and it should name a tribunal for adjusting disputes about those rights. The document should affirm the right of West Berlin to remain within the West German monetary system. But in return for these concessions, West Berlin should be declared a politically neutralized city pending its restoration as the capital of Germany. It should, therefore, be obligated to close down the propaganda and espionage agencies.

To give the new charter additional authority, it should, I believe, be submitted for ratification and approval to the General Assembly of the United Nations. Following ratification by the General Assembly, an office of the United Nations might be set up in Berlin. It should be staffed not with soldiers but with civilians and a small number of men in distinctive uniforms. All of these United Nations representatives should have the right to move freely in the whole of Berlin and along the access routes.

It would be implicit in the whole idea that if the UN involved itself in Berlin, it would do so only if it had the agreement of the four occupying powers and of the two German states. This, of course, would be a form of recognition of the East German state, and yet it would not require recognition by Bonn, Paris, London or Washington. Nevertheless, a form of recognition by the United Nations would be a concession to Moscow and might make the whole project attractive in Moscow. The concession would be well worth the price, considering the advantages of such a new statute.

The advantage of the new statute would be that it created a modus vivendi for West Berlin based on sufficient mutual concessions to offer a good prospect of its lasting for some considerable time.

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For the West, the most and the best that can be done about Germany as a whole is to gain time. That is because the fundamental issue about Germany is insoluble today. We do not know, nobody knows, nobody can know, whether the two Germanies will draw apart, going separate ways, or whether they will grow together and reunite.

There are powerful forces working all over Europe, both West and East, to separate the two Germanies. In the East these forces are working to draw East Germany into the Communist orbit, where, second only to the Soviet Union and China, it is already the most productive state. In the West, there are powerful forces working to draw West Germany into a West European confederation, and away from East Germany.

We do not know whether these divisive forces will prevail over the unifying forces of German nationalism. That is why a general German settlement is not now practical politics. And that is why a special regime for West Berlin is now necessary.

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Our Om-nescient President

Some Forces of His Not-Knowing

by FREDERIC W. COLLINS

AT A RECENT press conference, President Eisenhower was asked what he thought about an Air Force desire to have strategic control of Polaris missile submarines. He introduced his answer by saying, "I haven't heard this story, this charge, before."

A week later he was asked five questions about India, for the simple reason that Eric Johnston had been holding a big confab in Washington on India. "I didn't know that Eric Johnston had a symposium on this matter," said the President.

The next week he was asked about a suggestion by Secretary of Defense Neil McElroy that Congress should "put the Pentagon's feet to the fire" to force a decision in the competition between the Bomarc and the Nike-Hercules domestic defense weapons. "Well," said the President, "I did not know about any statements made by Mr. McElroy. He hasn't informed me of that particular incident."

All three of these stories had been given a good play, including some Page One treatment, by the newspapers generally read in Washington. They involved important issues of government. They represent the kind of information all people in Washington professionally interested in public affairs naturally absorb along with their air and nourishment. But the President drew a one-two-three blank on them.

The series of answers ought to dispose forever of the claim so manfully maintained by James C. Hagerty, his press secretary, that the President keeps up with current events by keeping up with the newspapers, even as you and I. It does much more than that. It suggests that Mr. Eisenhower does not take in very much information from sources other than those in the government. It suggests further that his government sources, while they serve him well, do not serve him perfectly. ("He hasn't informed me of that particular incident.")

Variety is at least as useful in the discovery of the truth as is pure objectivity. But variety is something the President plainly lacks in his intake of information, and pure objectivity is as scarce in Washington as anywhere else.

It is pertinent to note also that there are two kinds of information which can be classed as indispensable to a President. There is official information, provided by the people who work for him, on what is going on in the government and what is going on in the country. Official information about what is going on in the country tends to have all the juice squeezed out of it. Second, there is the kind of information about what the people are thinking and feeling, about their personal disasters, personal triumphs and personal aspirations. This can be collected only by a marvelously sensitive receiving apparatus in which the vital central tuner is provided by the President's own curiosity. It is not meant to be hard on the President in saying he lacks an active curiosity. The military training is not a humanist discipline, which political government certainly is, and the military profession can be served by a hard, technical kind of intelligence in which impressionistic sensibility may be quite out of place.

Mr. Eisenhower's conspicuous short-comings as a newspaper reader leave him all the more dependent on personal contacts with unofficial sources of information for his knowledge of what is going on in his government and in the country. And this raises the question: Whom does he see and hear, outside of his official family?

It doesn't take much diligence to find out. It is pretty well agreed that the President sees only three men (outside the official circle) frequently and intimately. The three are William E. Robinson, chairman of the board

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FREDERIC W. COLLINS, *Washington correspondent of* The Providence *(Rhode Island)* Journal *since 1942, has reported on the White House through three Administrations, beginning with the Administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt.*

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of Coca-Cola; George E. Allen, a Washington lawyer and financier who has made a career of knowing Presidents; and General Alfred M. Gruenther, president of the American National Red Cross.

Additions to the roster can be made up from published reports of the President's golfing, fishing, and bridge parties at Augusta, Gettysburg, and Newport: W. Alton "Pete" Jones, chairman of the board of Cities Service; Clifford Roberts, partner in Reynolds & Co.; Robert W. Woodruff, former head of Coca-Cola; Barry T. Leithead, president of Cluett, Peabody & Co.; Philip D. Reed, consultant to the chairman of the board of General Electric; and Sigurd S. Larmon, chairman of the board and president of Young & Rubicam.

Add General Lucius D. Clay, chairman of the board of Continental Can; Paul Hoffman, former head of Studebaker, former administrator of ECA; General Omar N. Bradley.

Then add Milton Eisenhower, the President's brother, and George M. Humphrey, former Secretary of the Treasury, the President's host from time to time on the plantation at Thomasville, Georgia.

The method and frequency of communication the President maintains with General Clay, Paul Hoffman and General Bradley is hard to establish. They have always been discreet about it. One has the impression that it proceeds by telephone and mail more than by direct meetings, and that it has tapered off during the years of the Eisenhower Presidency.

With respect to the friends from the golfing and business world, it is interesting to note that the list today is essentially what it was in June of 1954, when Fletcher Knebel attempted a definitive study of the crony roster for *Look* magazine. To a considerable extent, the pattern was established by friendships made by Mr. Eisenhower right after the war, and during his presidency at Columbia, in a group which played golf at Blind Brook, Portchester, N. Y., and at the Augusta National Club.

This catalog, which is fair as a representation even if it is not complete, shows one common characteristic among the Presidential pals. With minor reservations, they come from a single economic segment of the American society—the segment of successful corporation leaders.

Indeed, when Mr. Eisenhower sees a labor leader, David McDonald, for example, it's front-page news. Now corporation heads can hardly be expected to provide for the President anything even remotely approaching a cross section of opinion. It is an incidental handicap, from the point of view of the President's awareness of what is happening in his constituency, that this one segment is not noted for its sensitivity to popular thought and emotion. They are no doubt estimable men, and they are no doubt instructed as to trends of popular taste in soft drinks, drip-dry shirts and refrigerators. Some of them are active in such lively and well-intentioned organizations as the Committee for Economic Development, the National Planning Association and the Advertising Council. It is useless to contend, however, that as a group they rub elbows with the electorate-at-large.

By all indications, the President does not discuss public affairs while golfing, playing bridge or fishing. But it doesn't make much difference what he talks about. The plankton-like minutiae which can add up to a solid helping of information don't live in the part of the stream he visits on his days off.

President Eisenhower has another means of communication with the world that is outside the iron railings of the White House grounds—by the writing of letters. This, however, seems to be something of a one-way operation, employed by the President to enlist support among the leaders of the workaday community for pet objectives. It is reported, for example, that as part of his crusade for economy and a balanced budget he wrote to Harry A. Bullis, chairman of the board of General Mills, an energetic man, a former sewing machine wholesaler and a CED workhorse, who brings a kind of Billy Graham fervor to the spreading of fundamentalist mercantilism and could be counted on to start spraying letters of his own all through the business world in furtherance of the Eisenhower creed. This is communication, but it is not the collection of information.

The role of Milton Eisenhower and George Humphrey in "talking to the President" is well enough understood so that it need not be labored here. The President himself is the authority as to the importance of Milton's contributions, and one may assume that they are among the most valuable available to the President because Milton does carry over an intellectual curiosity from his New Deal days and is in touch with parts of the society not preoccupied with making, buying and selling. As to George Humphrey, it is Washington's conviction that it doesn't make much difference how often the former captain of the Cabinet sees the President or talks with him, because one treatment seems to carry Mr. Eisenhower a long, long time. Mr. Humphrey is considered to be the inspiration for Mr. Eisenhower's zeal for a balanced budget. (Much of this, it should be forthrightly acknowledged, is conjecture, because Mr. Humphrey guards the privacy of his privileged communication with the President.) But then here again the contribution is of something other than information on the living details of the contemporary American experience in all of its variety.

Going over the field of the President's close friends in search of people who might tell him how things really are brings insistently to mind the observation of a veteran journeyman of Republican politics. When a Republi-

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can makes a million dollars, said this observer, he drops out of sight. When a Democrat makes a million dollars, he's down at the corner saloon every night drinking with the boys.

And picking up information.

What about the staff close to the President? Can he really learn the current facts of American life from them?

Whatever may be said about them, and one thing which can be said is that many warm and pleasant people may be found among them, it cannot be said that as a group they are gregarious, and those who would like to be gregarious find little chance to indulge their bent in the monastic immurement, in some respects almost trappist, which is their way of life. Theirs, not necessarily by their own choice, is a world apart, a world of staff meetings and staff luncheons and long hours and hard work.

As they work as a group, so do they play as a group, with their own internal fun and games and their own internal problems, and patterns of activity so fixed that they could hardly break out if they tried. Trustees of executive confidences, large and small, in an Administration which regards the maintenance of its privacy as a moral end in itself, the terms of trade are against them in their interchange with Us, and their imports of information are balanced at the painfully low level of their capacity to export.

It would be interesting to run a test: Take the following names and go out on the street anywhere in the country, in Washington or in Pocatello, and ask passersby at random what connection the named people have with American life:

Wilton B. Persons, Gerald D. Morgan, Thomas E. Stephens, James C. Hagerty, David W. Kendall, Henry McPhee, Philip E. Areeda, Robert E. Merriam, Gordon Gray, Rocco Siciliano, James R. Killian, Karl G. Harr, Don Paarlberg, Jack Z. Anderson, Malcolm C. Moos, Edward A. McCabe, E. Frederic Morrow, Robert K. Gray, James M. Lambie, Jr., Maurice H. Stans, Raymond J. Saulnier, Leo A. Hoegh.*

That list represents a thorough combing of names from the 1959 Congressional Directory in those echelons of the White House which for 20 preceding Democratic years had been inhabited by a spectacular collection of performing seals, wheels, pinwheels, prodigies, prodigals, fakers, double-dealers, scholars, zealots, political vaudevillians, geniuses, spoiled messiahs, buffoons, prima donnas, votaries, acolytes, neurotics, touts, politicians, first-class public servants and charming misfits, all of whom registered on the national consciousness and who, collectively, seemed to know everybody in the country and everything that was going on.

The resident of Pocatello can have two consolations if he does badly in identifying the names. One is that the resident of Washington wouldn't do much better. The other is that the people at the White House wouldn't recognize many names in Pocatello.

BEYOND the executive staff is The Government, its functionaries arranged roughly in concentric circles according to the frequency, intimacy and scope of their communication with the President, beginning with the National Security Council, going next to the Cabinet, and beyond that to the array of leading personages who go to the White House to brief the President on specific matters.

On official information, as has been noted, they do their job quite well. Everyone who ever worked with Mr. Eisenhower in any of the stages of his career testifies that he absorbs (or perhaps "records" would be a better word) briefings readily. In his press conferences, it is fairly easy to spot by the nature of his responses which subjects he has been briefed on and which he can comment on only out of his general fund of knowledge. In the same press conference in which he flunked the question about SAC's plot to kidnap the Polaris subs Mr. Eisenhower gave an A-plus standup recitation on the particle accelerator which is to be built at Stanford University, remarking, "I had a very long presentation" on it.

Taken all together, the ranking members of Mr. Eisenhower's government form a group so large that it must be assumed some of them are in contact with popular life. One cannot forget, however, that Mrs. Oveta Hobby, when she was Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, was astonished by the extent and intensity of the public demand for Salk vaccine. Mrs. Hobby is gone, and HEW has not been so far out of this world under Marion Folsom and Arthur Flemming. But even if some members of his Cabinet and the hinterlands of bureaucracy have effectively-operating antennae the question remains whether their findings get through to Mr. Eisenhower. There is precious little evidence of it in his comments on the times. Who is going to talk to the President about fallout? Dr. Killian, his science adviser, can lecture to him on the technical details, reinforced by experts from other parts of the government such as the

* Persons, the Assistant To The President; Morgan, The Deputy Assistant To The President; Stephens, Secretary To The President; Hagerty, Press Secretary; Kendall, Special Counsel; McPhee, Associate Special Counsel; Areeda, Assistant Special Counsel; Merriam, Deputy Assistant To The President For Interdepartmental Affairs; Gordon Gray, Special Assistant For National Security Affairs; Siciliano, Special Assistant for Personnel Management; Killian, Special Assistant (science); Harr, Special Assistant (for security operations coordination); Paarlberg, Economic Adviser; Anderson, Administrative Assistant; Moos, ditto (speech writing); McCabe, ditto (Senate liaison); Morrow, Administrative Office (Special Projects); Robert Gray, Secretary To The Cabinet; Lambie, Special Assistant; Stans, Director Of The Budget; Saulnier, Chairman, Council Of Economic Advisers; Hoegh, Director, Office Of Civil Defense Mobilization.

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Atomic Energy Commission and Public Health. But where, except from his own grandfatherly concerns, is he going to get a sense of the popular apprehensions about the somatic effects on the living and the genetic effects on the generations now being born and to be born in the years ahead?

The President has another category of contacts, the visitors who show up on the appointment list published every day he is in Washington by the wire services and some newspapers. For the purposes of this inquiry, a period was picked at random, during March and April of this year. Twenty-eight samples of the daybook provide a list which ought to enable the reader to make up his mind rather easily as to how much general information the President can possibly gain during his sessions:

Gordon Gray, the President's assistant for national security affairs, three times; the returning Canadian ambassador, presenting credentials; the president of Optimists International, from Memphis; T. Keith Glennan, director of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, twice, once with the NASA Council; Dr. Killian; General Nathan F. Twining, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, three regular appointments; Democratic Congressional Leaders, as part of a bipartisan meeting; Republican Congressional leaders, six times; the president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, from Tulsa; the National Teacher of the Year, female, Oklahoma; a 4-H Club delegation; Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson; Conrad Hilton; Secretary Flemming; Philip K. Crowe, leaving to be ambassador to the Union of South Africa; the Cabinet, twice; news conferences, three times; the National Security Council, four times; Crown Prince Constantine, of Greece; the President of El Salvador, who was met, dined, and conferred with; the president of the American Meat Institute, a high-pressure industry group; the head chaplains of the armed services; Clyde Wheeler, a new staff assistant to the President, another name to spring on the folks in Pocatello; the chairman of the Washington Flower and Garden Show; Rep. James C. Auchincloss (R, N.J.); Roger W. Jones, a civil service commissioner; the new ambassador from Malaya; the ambassador of Austria; W. Allen Wallis, of the University of Chicago, being sworn as executive vice chairman of the cabinet committee on price stability for economic growth; Christian A. Herter, five times, three of them as Secretary of State; Livingston T. Merchant, Assistant Secretary of State; the ambassador of Panama; the President of Ireland (who made a great hit); the Methodist Council of Bishops; Paul-Henri Spaak, Secretary General of NATO; the Governors of Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, together; Secretary of the Treasury Robert B. Anderson; Chairman William M. Martin of the Federal Reserve Board; Raymond J. Saulnier, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers; Don Paarlberg, economic adviser to the President; Irving S. Olds and Arthur A. Houghton, on business connected with the Cooper Union in New York; the new ambassador from Guinea; General Melvin Maas, chairman, President's committee on employment of the physically handicapped; the American Battle Monuments Commission; the Archbishop of the Greek Orthodox Church for North and South America; the retiring chairman of the Tariff Commission; the president of Florida Presbyterian College; the Director General of Unesco; and Andrew H. Berding, Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs.

THE mind reels at the thought of the exactions imposed upon the small-talk resources of the President, even conceding the intensity of his training in making small talk in military society, by such a conglomeration of visitors. But, speculating on the probable yield of information, taken against the total outlay of Presidential time and energy, one is tempted to guess that it would be impossible to draw up any other list of the same number of people from whom it would be possible to learn so little.

There is, however, evidence that the effort is not a total loss. The three Governors from New England went in to see the President about the problems of the textile industry, involving tariffs and foreign competition. When they came out (two Republicans and a Democrat) they were united in the impression that until they had talked with him, the President had not been fully informed on the subject, particularly on such esoteric matters as the differing effects of a general tariff on wool fabrics and a system of schedules applying to specific categories of such fabrics (which is what they are after). They got action, too: The establishment by the President, less than a month later, of an interdepartmental committee to study textile industry problems. It may sound like just another committee, but it is what the Governors wanted.

It is probably safe to assume, too, that the President learns something from the Republican Congressional leaders. After all, politicians are always conducting polls, taking soundings, feeling pulses, and going back home to put their ears to the ground. After all, too, they would automatically be more interested in telling the President those things which will set him on a course calculated to protect their political skins than they are in feeding him any old stuff to make him think any course he chooses is the right one. In fact, the bold estimate may be made that the Congressional leaders give Mr. Eisenhower the broadest and truest picture of the United States, within the limits of their reportorial talents, that he gets.

There is another source of information available to a President: his party structure, and particularly, the na-

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tional party chairman. The best information is that the President makes such negligible use of this source, whoever is chairman, that it might well be disregarded (although the new chairman, Sen. Thruston B. Morton, has been introduced to the weekly conference of GOP legislative leaders).

Finally, there are the White House dinners, at which the President must engage in some conversation. A study of the guest lists suggests that the inflow of information to the President is probably meagre. The study does turn up one rich nugget. The list of 49 guests at Mr. Eisenhower's dinner for Sir Winston Churchill on May 6, a dinner at which the President was less restricted by protocol than usually, shows no fewer than nine of his golf and bridge buddies present: Messrs. Allen, Pete Jones, Larmo, Leithead, Roberts, Robinson, and Woodruff, plus two others who are card-carrying members: Ellis D. Slater (of the Augusta and Blind Brook Country Club set) and Charles S. Jones, California oil executive and director of Douglas Aircraft.

Two notes should be added. First, the President himself hardly ever goes out into the everyday world of America. Merriman Smith, White House correspondent for United Press International, did an extremely interesting story on this point last winter from Gettysburg, listing, to the length of a half column or more, the things most people do which the President never has done or hasn't done for years. No visits to a super-market, for example, or a barber shop. Second, the President in important measure denies himself the guidance of popular reaction by denying to the populace any knowledge of policies in the stages of formulation. There are a few leaks, of course, and somewhat fewer trial balloons, but it is the fixed doctrine of this Administration that the secrecy of the National Security Council shall be absolute, and "market research" on NSC products, in the sense of test reactions to trial offerings, is prohibited. This seems to be a backward and upside down way to form policy in a democracy, but that's the way the man wants it, and that's the way it is.

To draw the meaning of all this, using the leverage of contrasting example, it will perhaps be permissible to refer at some length to Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s, study of Franklin D. Roosevelt's collection and use of information. (*The Age of Roosevelt,* Volume II, "The Coming of the New Deal," Part VIII, "Evolution of the Presidency").

While breakfasting, we are told, President Roosevelt "looked rapidly through half a dozen newspapers, half of them bitterly critical of his Administration." In Cabinet meetings, he joshed members "about their latest appearances in the newspapers." As to the widely varying group around him: "The reaction he got from this miscellany of administrators perhaps gave him some idea of the range of public opinion. . . ."

> The first task of an Executive, as he evidently saw it, was to guarantee himself an effective flow of information and ideas. [The ordained channels could never be enough.] An Executive relying on a single information system became inevitably the prisoner of that system. Roosevelt's persistent effort, therefore, was to check and balance information acquired through a myriad of private, informal, and unorthodox channels and espionage networks. At times, he seemed almost to pit his personal sources against his public sources. . . . Roosevelt . . . required this approach to cross check the official system and keep it alert as well as to assure himself the balanced and various product without which he could not comfortably reach decisions.

Mr. Schlesinger speaks of FDR's "systematic effort to augment the official intelligence." Newspapers were only "the first stage in his battle for supplementary information." He preferred to acquire both information and ideas through conversation. He did not depend wholly on experts, but profited from the "variety of reactions available to him in areas where no one is infallible and any intelligent person might make a contribution." The author calls information "the first responsibility of the Executive," and speaks of a President's "conquest of the problem of information."

"It might be argued," says Mr. Schlesinger, "that the essence of successful administration is: first, to acquire the ideas *and information* [emphasis supplied] necessary for wise decisions; second, to maintain control over the actual making of decisions; third, to mobilize men and women who can make the first two things possible—that is, who can provide effective ideas and information, and who can reliably put decisions into effect."

It is the first and third essentials which concern us here. Of course, Mr. Schlesinger's saying what he says doesn't automatically make it so, nor did Mr. Roosevelt's doing as he did automatically make it right. But any prolonged experience of Washington, including the close-up observation of the Presidency, provides compelling evidence that what Mr. Schlesinger says is, indeed, so, and that what Mr. Roosevelt did in acquiring information and mobilizing men and women to supplement his own reporting was eminently right.

The independent conclusion of this writer, in other words, is that to the extent Mr. Eisenhower's performance has fallen short of what must have been his deeply-held hopes, and the hopes of those who twice elected him, blame must be ascribed in significant degree to the utter inadequacy of his information and his means of collecting it. Curiosity may be fatal to cats, but it is indispensable in a President.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Dehumanization of Art

by Joseph Frank

José Ortega y Gasset is certainly the greatest philosophical essayist of the first half of the 20th Century, and very likely one of its few genuinely seminal minds. Ortega's writings range over the whole expanse of modern culture, and there is not a single issue—from abstract art to Einstein and Freud—on which he has not said a suggestive and enlightening word. Although Ortega never published a systematic philosophical work, he performed a rarer and perhaps more difficult task. He seized problems, issues, ideas on the fly, and, while they were still new and controversial, attempted to explore them with philosophical rigor and philosophical range.

Ortega is probably best known to American readers for his famous book on politics, *The Revolt of the Masses*; but it is typical of his range that he should also have written one of the first and most incisive attempts to analyze the nature of modern art. Ortega's essay on *The Dehumanization of Art* is still among the best efforts to define and interpret the radical break in continuity between modern art and the whole Renaissance tradition of representation which ended in the 19th Century. First published in 1925, this essay had a considerable influence on the brilliant younger generation of writers and artists in the Spanish-speaking world. Ortega's ideas have also had a wide circulation elsewhere, and it is impossible to consult any book on modern art without coming across a reference to his terms and ideas. Today, one asks: Does the evolution of modern art since 1925 bear out Ortega's analysis? How much of what Ortega wrote then still remains valid?

One part of the essay deals with Ortega's *description* of the main tendencies of modern art; and this description is as fresh today as when it was first written. Whether or not Ortega first coined the word "dehumanization," it was given currency by his book; and ever since, it has been used to fix one of modern art's dominant traits. What Ortega means is most obvious in the plastic arts, where the term applies not only to so-called "pure" abstract art (for which, by the way, Ortega had little sympathy), but also to all modern art in which the importance of recognizable human forms is no longer dependent on their specifically human expressiveness. Where such forms appear as part of a composition, they are treated solely as aesthetic objects: the artist distorts them at will.

Other writers have of course noticed the same stylistic manifestations of modern art. Roger Fry, for example, defined the specifically aesthetic attitude of the modern artist—a withdrawal from "lived reality" in favor of its contemplation as a pattern or structure—in much the same way as Ortega. But Ortega immediately lifts such an observation to a philosophical plane. All contemporary art, he argues, is based on an inversion of the usual relation of the idea to the thing. Ordinarily, we assume that the idea and the thing correspond to each other (though in fact they never do: the reality constantly overflows the idea). "By means of ideas," says Ortega

> . . . we see the world, but in a natural attitude of the mind we do not see the ideas—the same as the eye in seeing does not see itself . . . the spontaneous movement of the mind goes from concepts to the world.

In modern art, however, this process is reversed. The artist inverts the natural order of the mind and focuses on his idea rather than on the reality. "What if the painter changed his mind and decided to paint not the real person but his own idea, his pattern, of the person?" A traditional portrait painter also makes a selection from certain elements in reality, but constantly confuses this selection—based on some idea of art or beauty—with reality itself.

The modern artist frankly paints his ideas instead of reality; he cuts through the confusion of art and reality. From this point of view Ortega is enabled to link up *all* the major stylistic traits of modern art. Just as the artist paints his own ideas, so the modern poet no longer uses metaphor as an ornament or decoration for an extra-poetical "reality." Now the tendency is to eliminate the extra-poetical, real, prop and to "realize the metaphor, to make it the *res poetica*." All the diversified phenomena of modern art—from Picasso to Pirandello—thus fall into place as part of one unified movement expressing a changed relation of the mind to reality. Nothing that has been written since rivals this brief analysis of Ortega in synoptic power.

Another aspect of Ortega's essay, however, has not stood the test of time as well. For Ortega explains the *cause* of this evolution of modern art in a manner that we can no longer accept. To understand Ortega's ideas here, we must first notice what he considers another dominant trait of modern art. Dehumanized modern art cuts itself off from the natural relation of the mind to reality, and turns back on itself to concentrate on its own "ideas." Ortega thus comments that modern art is "something without any transcendence." What he means is that art has ceased to have "a connection with dramatic social or political movements, or with profound religious and philosophical currents." In the 19th Century, "in view of the downfall of religion and the inevitable relativism of science, art was expected to take upon itself nothing less than the salvation of mankind." But dehumanized modern art cannot—or, to be more exact, will not—transcend the boundaries of its aesthetic universe so as to make contact with these other areas of human experience. It prefers to remain within its own sphere—limited, it is true, but free from complexity and pretension. "The new style asks to be linked to the triumph of sport and games," Ortega remarks; and he concludes that art, as a result of dehumanization, has moved to the periphery of modern culture. "It has lost none of its attributes, but it has become a minor issue."

Ortega does not explain very clearly in *The Dehumanization of Art* why art should have taken this road in modern times; he refers the reader for more

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details to an earlier work *El Tema de Nuestro Tiempo* (The Modern Theme). And if we turn to this book, we discover that Ortega's interpretation of modern art is intimately linked to his general philosophical position at this period.

El Tema de Nuestro Tiempo is the written version of a group of lectures given in 1921-22; these make up a Nietzschean attack on "culture" as a complex of abstract values which, like Christianity, places the ends of human existence in a sphere transcendent to life itself: "culturalism is a Christianity without God." Culturalism, according to Ortega, locates the value of life in the infinite future; it sets up a hierarchy of abstract values—science, art, ethics, justice—divorced from their fulfillment under concrete biological and historical conditions. Ortega's thought is in reaction against this deification of "culture," and he searches for symptoms in modern life that a new era is impending. Such a symptom he finds in the disagreement over modern art which, in the early Twenties, pitted the younger generation against the old.

"In earlier stages of artistic evolution," he writes,

> . . . Variations of style, although sometimes quite pronounced (recall the mutation of Romanticism *vis-a-vis* Neo-Classic tastes) were always limited to a change and substitution of aesthetic objects. The forms of beauty preferred at each moment were distinct. But the attitude and the distance of the subject before art itself remained constant throughout these variations in aesthetic objects. The transformation is much more radical for the generation now beginning its career . . . the general symptom of the new style that shines through all its multiform manifestations is that art has been displaced from the "serious" zone of life . . . the semi-religious character of elevated pathos, which aesthetic enjoyment has acquired in two centuries, has been entirely wiped out.

And, Ortega concludes,

> . . . this shift in the attitude toward art announces one of the most general features of the new mode of perceiving existence: what I have called the sportive and festive sense of life.

These last words take us back to Ortega's remark that the dehumanization of modern art is "linked to the triumph of sport and games"—for Ortega believed, in the early Twenties, that the whole character of modern life was about to change. We must keep in mind that he was writing during the heyday of Dadaism in France, Ultraism in Spain and the *Jugendbewegung* in Germany. Youth, vitality, athleticism, bull-fighting, nude sun-bathing and the emancipation of the senses were being glorified almost everywhere. There was a gigantic explosion of frenzied *joie de vivre* (or what easily could be seen as such, despite its undertone of despair) as a reaction against the intolerable psychic tensions of the war years. At this moment it might well have seemed that biological values would replace those of the cultural "beyond"—that the present would replace the future as the dominating temporal horizon of the new generation.

ORTEGA saw the dehumanization of art primarily in terms of this perspective: art had abandoned its "transcendence" because artists no longer took "culture" in the old sense seriously. Ortega is thus led, in *The Dehumanization of Art,* to give unique emphasis to those aspects of modern art which seemed to negate the importance of art itself in the eyes of its creators. "Art is appreciated," he writes

> . . . precisely because it is recognized as a farce. . . . A "farce" in the bad sense of the word it would be if the modern artist pretended to equal status with the "serious" artists of the past, and a Cubist painting expected to be extolled as solemnly and all but religiously as a statue by Michaelangelo. But all he does is to invite us to look at a piece of art that is a joke and that essentially makes fun of itself.

Nothing dates Ortega's essay more than this view of modern art as its own self-negation—as a delightful game with no transcendent meanings. From our vantage point, it is clear that modern culture did not take the road that Ortega predicted. The farcical phase of modern art had ended almost by the time Ortega's essay appeared and no modern artist would accept Ortega's definition of his role. Indeed, modern artists take themselves with as much seriousness as —and even with a good deal more seriousness than—the artists of the past. For while Ortega is right in linking the dehumanization of art to a crisis in modern culture, he did not foresee how deep and radical that crisis was—nor how profoundly it was reflected in the dehumanization of art.

Art *did* give up its connection with the extra-aesthetic values of culture from which it had formerly derived its importance; but it by no means considered itself, as a result, to have moved to the periphery of modern life. Quite the contrary, art undertook the extraordinary adventure—unmatched in the culture of the past—of advancing its own aesthetic values as a *substitute* for the social, political, and religious content that had formerly sustained culture and from which art had always drawn its substance. Ortega, it is clear, simply could not conceive of such arrant audacity at the time he wrote; but 30 years later we must agree with Malraux's observation, in

Arms and the Man

LET us assemble the mediaeval man
at arms from the display in the show case:
here an armet, a sloped and snouted can
to help him keep his brains inside his face:
a lobster-plated gauntlet for the hand
which swung that ridged excruciating mace
cruelly couched on velvet. So, rise and stand,
bad baron in your steely carapace
invulnerable. But did no creepy grace
by breath of charm under green straw for hair
or white of the witch-eye leer upon your shield?
Could you stare down the gibber in a field
of germs, wash brains, or poison your own air?
Povera bestia. Just stand there and dangle your mace.

RICHMOND LATTIMORE

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The Voices of Silence, that "modern masters make pictures as those of older civilizations made gods."

The fanatical and often heroic dedication of the modern artist to his mission reveals that he has by no means abandoned his age-old status as a transmitter of the highest spiritual values. Now, however, these values are not derived from the "gods" of his culture; they stem exclusively from his own activity as an artist, from his religious devotion to the function of art as an autonomous realm of the sacred. It is no accident that, when modern artists as dissimilar as Mondrian and Kandinsky speak about their own work, they both use the language of religious mysticism. Ortega acutely saw that the movement of modern art involved a fundamental change of attitude toward art itself but this change went in the reverse direction of the one he anticipated.

Still, it is striking to see how close he comes at some points to intuiting the true state of affairs. Noting that similar non-organic styles have flowered in the past, Ortega remarks that — like the revolt against images in Oriental Christendom—"modern art is obviously actuated by one of these curiously iconoclastic urges." Ernst Cassirer has remarked that the history of the mythical-religious consciousness is always marked by an attempt of religious feeling to transcend any of its sensuous embodiments—any of the "signs" by which it has conventionally been expressed. "Mysticism," Cassirer says,

> . . . attempts to arrive at the pure meaning of religion as such, free from all encumbrance with the "otherness" of empirical-sensuous existence and of sensuous images and representations.

Modern art too, we may suggest, manifests symptoms of a similar crisis in consciousness. In becoming aware of its own power to transform the object free from any cultural imperatives, art has also been driven ever farther in the quest for this "purity" of the expression of its own essence. And in linking modern art with Byzantine iconoclasm, Ortega has put his finger on the dynamism of modern art's inherent logic as well as its analogy with the form of mystical-religious experience.

Ortega himself, at the time he wrote his little treatise, was by no means enchanted with the products of modern art. But Ortega sensed that the new style might well have a great future, and no remark in his work is more insightful than the one he makes in this connection. "Who knows what may come out of this budding style?" he writes in conclusion. "The task it sets itself is enormous; it wants to create from nought. Later, I expect, it will be content with less and achieve more."

In turning back on itself to affirm its own creative force, modern art is constantly beset by the temptation to "create from nought"—completely to negate its contact with the tangible and visible world of human experience in a movement similar to the mystic's inward flight to the Unknown. Pure Constructivism has negated everything except flat color and simple geometic form; Abstract Expressionism has more visual complexity and dynamism but the same sort of purely decorative interest. It is not from such limit-movements, as Ortega wisely predicted, that great modern art would arise. It has come from those artists who, like Klee and the School of Paris, retained some contact (even if only a minimally suggestive one) with dimensions of experience other than the purely visual. Being content with less, they succeeded in achieving more.

Notes on Contributors

JOSEPH FRANK is on the English faculty of the University of Minnesota. RICHMOND LATTIMORE has published a volume of his own poetry and is an editor of the new series of translations from the Greek classics being published by the University of Chicago. CHARLES CURRAN is a British journalist. WILLIAM D. ROGERS is a member of the bar in Washington, D. C.

Room at the Bottom

by Charles Curran

THE most popular character in British fiction now is the Upstart. He is the hero-beneficiary of the Welfare State revolution, which has made it easier than ever before for people to rise from one class to another. Novelists are fascinated by him; in particular, by his occupational disease. For the Upstart suffers from the sort of complaint that deep-sea divers call the bends, an affliction caused by a sudden change in atmospheric pressure. He dislikes both his old class and his new class. He is repelled by the girls he left behind him—by their table-manners, their small talk, their shirt-sleeved fathers. But he is a misfit, also, among the practitioners of gracious living; and so he seeks to ease his malaise by ranging among their womenfolk as ravenously as a hobo at a free lunch counter. All this makes him rich pay-dirt for prose. Consequently, the splendors and miseries of the Upstart have become the raw material of British novelists. There is a whole school of literature about him, summed up by the title of its biggest best-seller: Room At The Top.

The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot
by Angus Wilson
(Viking; $4.95)

Now in revolution, as in war, the spoils go to the victors, and so do the book rights. The losers tell no tales. It was Caesar, not Vercingetorix, who reported on Gaul; Rome, not Carthage, that described how Hannibal fell. As Damon Runyon pointed out, while the race may not always go to the swift, or the battle to the strong, nevertheless that is the way to bet. It is also the way to write. Thus, for a decade or more, the beneficiaries of the British revolution have enjoyed a corner in spotlights.

But there is another side to all this.

Even if *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot* were a bad novel, it would still be an event. For this is a book about a Downstart. It contains 430 pages; and, until you get to page 428, you meet nobody who is not, in some way or other, a sufferer from the British revolution. Every one of the characters except the last would have been richer, or happier, or both, if they had lived under Queen Victoria instead of Queen Elizabeth. All of them would agree with Trotsky that anybody who wants a quiet life has

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picked the wrong century to be born in.

The story begins with Meg Eliot taking her ease at the Top. She is 43. Bill, her husband, is a successful barrister in his mid-fifties. Their home is a house in Lord North Street, that elegant Westminster by-way named after the 18th-Century Prime Minister who lost the American colonies. Today, Britain is governed principally by the people who live in and around Lord North Street. Mr. R. A. Butler, the Deputy Prime Minister, has his town house a few yards away. So has Sir David Eccles, the President of the Board of Trade; and Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, the head of the English Bar; and Lord Halifax, who was Foreign Secretary and Ambassador to the United States. Both the Tory and the Socialist parties have their national headquarters around the corner. Close by, like a death's head at a banquet, is the house where Oscar Wilde came to grief. In this part of London, wealth, power and prestige go together; they are as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, or Senators in the Mayflower in Washington. By making Mrs. Eliot a resident of Lord North Street, Mr. Wilson fixes her status with precision.

She is rich, fashionable, cultivated, gay. She has no children, and no cares. Then disaster strikes. She flies to the Far East with her husband, who has been offered a big fee to give some legal advice to a company in Malaya. At an airport east of Suez, a native student with a grievance about a University grant shoots to kill his Education Minister—and kills the lawyer instead. Mrs. Eliot is, literally, ruined. Her husband, for all his high earning-power, has been able to save nothing. If he had been born into pre-revolutionary Britain, before inflation and Welfare State taxes were invented, he would have been rich. Instead, he lived from hand to mouth, and he died almost penniless.

Mrs. Eliot returns to London to find that she has lost her income, her home, her status, her function, her reasons for living. They all hung on her wedding ring. As the wife of an eminent barrister, she was a personage. As his widow, she is a displaced person, one of those nice people with nice manners and no money who belong nowhere. She is untrained for anything except being a hostess in Lord North Street. What is she to do? Her search for a satisfactory answer to that question is the theme of the novel. Mr. Wilson charts her downward progress with sardonic precision. At first, she clings to the outskirts of her lost world, while she broods over that specifically feminine dilemma "Shall I equip myself for a career of some kind, or shall I try to get married?" She turns to Poll, a raffish friend who lives in an upper-class annex of debts, drink and casual lovemaking. Poll propounds a solution. "There just isn't any place," she insists, "for women of our age and upbringing who haven't any money. You just have to settle for being a slut. And, goodness knows, nobody can make a better slut than a lady born and bred, if she sets her mind to it."

But Mrs. Eliot finds, by trial and error, that you cannot become a slut simply by taking thought. You need a natural aptitude, and she is without it. A tussle in a taxi with a predatory young man whom she has picked up at a party turns her mind to thoughts of a career. But Lady Pirie, the young man's mother, scoffs at her. "All this careers business," she says, "it's only another name for an old maid's pretense, and widows can become old maids as much as any virgins. A woman needs a setting and a background that only a husband can provide. A woman isn't complete without a man." Mrs. Eliot considers a lawyer friend of her husband's but writes him off as incompatible. She enrolls at a secretarial school, among teen-age girls who are being taught shorthand and typewriting. Then she goes to live with her brother; he is a homosexual, who runs a flower-growing business that is populated with misfits. Compatible as they are, their relationship frustrates itself. For she finds that it prevents each of them from finding fulfillment. The book ends with Mrs. Eliot leaving him in order to become the secretary of a woman Socialist M.P.—an off-stage character, the only personality in the story who is on the winning side of the post-war revolution.

Mr. Wilson is the Mercator of Britain's social geography, and *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot* is a sort of class-structure atlas. His acuteness, of eye and ear, is impressive. He captures every nuance of class distinction; the phrases, habits, conventions that are recognition signals for one group, and non-conductors for another, are recorded with detailed exactitude. Mrs. Eliot is like an articulate piece of litmus paper. She is dipped in sample after sample of the British class-mixture, and she records her reactions to each one. The book has the accuracy of an atlas—and, also, its impersonality. It has neither warmth nor mockery. Mr. Wilson exhibits his characters as though they were so many fish in an aquarium, and he were the curator. He knows about them. He points out their markings, their peculiarities, the differences between them. But he is, all the time, the detached expert. You listen; you are interested; but you do not care. Consequently, anybody who reads *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot* in search of an emotional spark will be disappointed. But he will see a notable display of technical skill. He will also see how a revolution looks from the losers' side.

A Great Fall

Togetherness, the watchword of the age,
Meant never go alone but go along,
Strive not to be iconoclast or sage,
Conform, and please the standards of the throng,
Averse to yield, one spirit free risked hell—
Snuffed out his life to save it from the crowd.
He tumbled off a wall and broke his shell,
And died with knee unbent and head unbowed.

And steeds and men could not reintegrate
The egg who died for nonconformity.
The motive of the fall, still hailed as great,
Atoned for suicide's enormity.
Togetherness in life is not the goal.
His solitary death saved Humpty's soul.

Charles Burton Marshall

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Ezra Pound and the Law

by William D. Rogers

BY ALL INDICATIONS—and the recently published *Casebook on Ezra Pound* by William Van O'Connor and Edward Stone is only the latest—there is something about Ezra Pound that makes most people reach for the nearest hyperbole. His politics have been extreme; the range of critical reaction to his poetry has been remarkable. He is either the greatest or the silliest poet in a century; he has either committed the highest crime in the American legal system or has been a genuine (if misguided) patriot under most difficult circumstances—all depending on whom you read.

Casebook on Ezra Pound
edited by William Van O'Connor
and Edward Stone
(Crowell; $2.50)

The O'Connor and Stone book, a collection of some of the more lurid critical writings about Pound over the last twenty years, traces out the effect of his unpopular politics on the evaluation of his aesthetic contribution. The materials in the book, however, do not fully come to grips with the controversy over Pound's alleged traitorous activities in World War II. This flared up again just a year ago in connection with his release from federal custody and his return to Italy.

Pound was indicted for treason in 1946 for his wartime radio broadcasts from Rome. The charge specified that he had tried "to create dissension and distrust between the United States and its military allies," "to create racial prejudice in the United States," and that he said "that Italy is the natural ally of the United States," "that the true nature of the Axis regime had been misrepresented to the people in the United States," and that there was "liberty" in Italy during the War.

These technical charges were fairly accurate summaries. For although the broadcasts were, by and large apolitical, lyric and poetic in nature, Pound did use the Rome radio some 14 times to throw aspersions at Churchill, Roosevelt and "International Jewry" and to say that the war against the Italians he knew was a mistake.

It has been rather generally assumed by the writers collected in the *Casebook* as well as others, that these acts did, as the Government charged, constitute treason. And this assumption has infected the whole debate over Pound's stature as a poet. But it has never been proved. When Pound was arraigned in Washington in 1946, after six months' imprisonment in Pisa by the Army, his counsel moved for a lunacy inquisition. He was examined by four psychiatrists. They found him suffering from paranoia to such a degree as to make him unable to advise his defense counsel. It is a matter of first principle that a trial where the defendant is unable to assist in his own defense is fundamentally unfair. Pound could not be tried. He was committed to Saint Elizabeths Hospital in 1946.

Paranoia is more resistant to treatment and cure than most mental diseases. Pound remained in Saint Elizabeths for thirteen years. The psychiatrists were satisfied fairly early that Pound would never recover his competence and thus could never be tried. But while Pound may not have changed, the political atmosphere did. Germany and Italy were readmitted to the councils of nations. Nazi war criminals were re-admitted to society in Europe. Practically none of the Americans convicted of treason remained in jail. T. S. Eliot, Frost, MacLeish and Cummings began to speak out for Pound's release. But the Department of Justice was unmoved as long as Herbert Brownell was Attorney General.

Brownell resigned in 1957, however. And shortly thereafter, Robert Frost came to Washington to ask one question of the new Attorney General: what is your mood about Ezra Pound? The mood was for settling the account. In April of 1958, Pound's counsel moved to dismiss the treason indictment against him. They submitted affidavit evidence that Pound's condition was permanent and that he could never be tried. The Government did not oppose the motion. It said it was in no position to challenge the evidence or to refute the allegation that Pound was actually insane at the time of the broadcasts. The indictment was dismissed and Pound freed.

It is practically universal sentiment in the United States that his broadcasts were a mistake; his collaboration with an enemy—even an enemy now so friendly an ally—unconscionable; his anti-Semitism shocking and his economics not worth serious consideration. But it is doubtful if all these added up to treason, for which the maximum penalty is death.

TREASON, contrary to popular impression, is hard to commit. It is a closely defined offense. The only crime set out in the Constitution, it is limited to adhering to a wartime enemy and giving him aid and comfort.

The reason for the close definition is rooted in history. The draftsmen of the Constitution had themselves all committed treason. In terms of English law, treason had extended at times to all manner of things, including the stealing of cattle by Welshmen, calling the King "opprobrious names by public writing," "believing Henry [the Eighth] to have been lawfully married to Anne of Cleves," and, most typically, of imagining the death of the King. As Justice Jackson pointed out, however,

> . . . the revolutionary doctrine that the people have a right to alter or abolish their government relaxed the loyalty which governments theretofore had demanded—dangerously diluted it, as the ruling classes of Europe thought, for in their eyes the colonists not only committed treason, they exalted it.

The narrow definition of treason drafted in 1787, then, was a conscious, deliberate choice. The convention delegates feared the abuse of the treason charge as much as they feared the crime. As a result, constitutional treasons have been rare in our history. During the first century and a half, there were no executions for treason in this country.

It is safe to say that the Pound indictment approached the outer limits of the treason concept under this special American legal tradition. One of the great potential vices of the treason charge has always been its potentially repressive impact in the field of expression of ideas. All manner of speech had been treasonable at times in England. The American Constitution broke with this tradition. It was not enough to criticize or attack

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the Government, even in time of war and even if the criticism aided the enemy: there must be adherence to the enemy.

If Pound had been tried in 1946, a jury might have convicted him. It would have been hard to argue that he had not "adhered" to the Italy with which this nation had been at war. But the question was really a good deal more tangled and abstruse than the legal process could have made it seem in any trial.

By 1941, Pound had been out of the United States, with only one return visit, for almost three decades. He had gone to Europe, out of hope and despair one thinks, because America could not supply him with the very special and refined tradition that his temperament required. But, as Edmund Wilson said in *The New Republic* 27 years ago in respect to Pound: ". . . unfortunately it is all too often exclusively the Europe of books in which [the American expatriate] is forced to live . . . [Pound's] contacts seem still to remain almost exclusively literary contacts."

This fits the Pound of the Forties as well as the Pound of the Twenties. The *Pisan Cantos* are evidence. His loyalty there is to a special historic and perhaps synthetic Europe of literature—to a complicated and highly rarified cultural palimpsest that he himself created: patches of obscure gleanings from the Renaissance and Latin poets, ballads of Provence, snatches of obscure European economists. The poetic evidence is that Pound's adherence was to this Europe, which he thought America was challenging, rather than the realities of Fascism, of Belsen and Hitler. The evidence of his broadcasts confirms this. He never understood the true issues of the war. But did even the Italians understand him? The Italian government took him off the air for a time under the bemused impression that he might be broadcasting code messages to the Allied governments!

A Defense of Shyness

by Janet Winn

"It is surely discreditable, under the age of thirty, not to be shy," wrote Harold Nicholson in his essay "A Defense of Shyness." Self-assurance in the young, he asserted

> . . . betokens a lack of sensibility: the boy or girl who is not shy at twenty-two will at forty-two become a bore. . . . Let the shy understand, therefore, that their disability is not merely an inconvenience but also a privilege. Let them regard their shyness as a gift rather than as an affliction. Let them consider how intolerable are these of their contemporaries who are not shy.

This essay came to mind as I read Elizabeth Taylor's new collection of stories. For Miss Taylor also is a passionate defender of the shy and has little sympathy for the people who are not. To be a sympathetic character in her book, you must always say and do the wrong thing. You must never enter a drawing-room without blushing, tripping, knocking over a vase and then saying, in a much too loud voice, something so stupid that you feel obliged to spend the rest of the evening brooding about just *how* stupid it was. Display any presence of mind, and you are out—you become one the pushy, vulgar, brutish, insensitive unshy.

I exaggerate somewhat. But I did often wish, as I read the collection, that

The Blush and other stories
by Elizabeth Taylor (Viking; 3.50).

Miss Taylor would stop insisting so on her equation of social maladroitness with moral and intellectual superiority. Some of the nicest people are not shy, and some of the shyest people are dreadful. (I recently read in the newspaper, in an interview with his sister, that Adolph Hitler was a very shy boy.) More specifically this schema makes it too easy to predict how a character will behave.

But this is only to say that Miss Taylor's stories do not "collect" as well as one might have expected when one read them in *The New Yorker,* where (with two exceptions) they first appeared. Individually they are delightful. I was particularly struck with "The Rose, The Mauve, The White." This title refers, by the color of their evening dresses, to three young girls on the day and evening of an important dance. There are also a mother and father, a pair of twin children and a 17-year-old brother named Charles. All of them seem intensely preoccupied with how old they are. The mother "one moment feels rejuvenated, the next minute, as old as the world," and then recalls that "it was the people of her own generation who said that Charles and she were like brother and sister—not those of Charles' generation, to whom the idea would have seemed absurd." Sixteen-year old Natalie wonders "if Charles was thinking that she must be older than the other girls and indeed she was by two and a half months." Charles observes "the unholy gap between Katie and me and those little perishers" (the twins). "Don't fuss. You were young yourself once," the mother tells the father. "Why not try to be your age?" the twins are asked.

And this indeed is the problem of the story: the problem of being one's age. Each time of life, it is suggested, has certain activities that are proper to itself alone. It is proper, for example, for 16-year old girls to go to dances, while it is highly improper for 40-year old mothers to do the same. The great ordeal of the dance is differently met by each of the three girls. Frances, who is shy, awkward and sensitive, has a terrible time. Natalie, who is poised, self-assured and obtuse, has a wonderful time. Katie's response to the event is the most interesting of all. For here we have, for once, a girl who is acceptable both to society and to Miss Taylor:

> Turning in Benedict's arms as they danced she had sometimes caught Frances' eyes as she stood there alone or with some other forlorn and unclaimed girl. Katie had felt treachery in the smile she had been bound to give—the most difficult of smiles, for it had to contain so much, the assurance that the dance was only a dance and nothing very much to miss, a suggestion of regret at her—Katie's—foolishness in taking part in it and surprise that she of all people had been chosen. "It is soon over," she tried to signal to Frances. "You are yourself. I love you. I will soon come back."

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DANCE

Memorial to Doris Humphrey

As a memorial to the late Doris Humphrey, two dance programs were presented at the Juillard Concert Hall, in New York, recently. Participants were José Limón, with members of his Company; Valerie Bettis; and the Juillard Dance Theatre, Chorus, and Orchestra.

The first program opened with a work by Miss Humphrey, based on a Lorca poem about a bull-fighter who is fatally gored by a bull. The cast consists of the bull-fighter and two black-robed women, one bad and one good, who describe his off-stage death in the ring (at five o'clock in the afternoon, the bad woman keeps saying) and who later hold a lengthy post mortem with him. The bad one tells him he's dead as a doornail, so he gets into a tomb. Then the good one says his fame lives on, so he reappears, Houdini-like, at the opposite side of the stage—a disconcertingly tricky bit—and revolves slowly in the sunlight until the curtain descends. José Limôn took the part of the bull-fighter, as he did when the work was first performed 12 years ago. He danced with such power, his face and body expressive of so noble a sadness, that the absurdity which lies close to the surface of most creations of this type was held well under.

Next came the first New York performance of a *Dance for Walt Whitman,* with two dozen members of the Juilliard Dance Theatre. In this work, a young man recites excerpts from *Leaves of Grass,* after each of which the dancers enact the message. I regret to report that my mind wandered during the third of these recitals. I therefore could not tell whether the girls were growing trees or planting corn, or why a number of them fainted or dropped dead in the process. Alerted to the danger of losing the words, I attended carefully to the fourth poem and was thus happily clued in to the fact that the boys and girls were building cities and not just doing vigorously graceful setting-up exercises. All the performers did well in this work, two or three of them showing an extraordinary talent.

The poetry readings were followed by a sung and danced Mass, Kodaly's *Missa Brevis,* with choreography by Limôn. The choir sang beautifully, but in the circumstances its excellent diction was a misfortune—you couldn't help trying to fit the movements on stage to the words. During the *Kyrie,* the "congregation" popped a very attractive sweater-girl up over its collective heads. Lord, have mercy. In the *Credo,* the same lady dancer who made gestures symbolic of the conception and birth of Christ was subsequently crucified, borne off on the shoulders of a group of men and duly entombed. At the opening of the *Sanctus,* two girls were dragging a third one about while she kicked her legs in the air as reverently as she could manage. The *Agnus Dei* closed with two men lying down on the stage with a girl between them, while all three looked hopefully heavenward, presumably asking for peace.

The second program opened with the first performance of a work by Doris Humphrey, in collaboration with Ruth Currier and J. S. Bach. No one spoke or sang a word. Apart from a sequence in which two dancers wrap themselves up in red streamers (which I had hoped against expectation would prove to be no more than the setting), and another in which the whole company bounces up and down with an effect reminiscent of the family-car scene in Wilder's *Happy Journey,* the choreography is reasonably charming. It tends toward the classical style, and its primary requirement is a delicate gracefulness to which most of the dancers—who had been splendid in the Walt Whitman number—were not quite equal. Maybe it would have been easier with shoes.

The most absorbing work of the two evenings was Valerie Bettis' *Closed Door,* based on Sartre's *No Exit*—also a first New York performance. The principal characters are three dead souls who find themselves alone together in a modern Hades. Two of them have been murdered before the audience's eyes in the first scene. The third died off-stage—presumably. The three souls take disconsolate cognizance of their prison. Each is joined by his "other self," a device which provides the opportunity for an intricate sequence of mirror dancing. Various spectators, relatives, friends, and murderers of the dead appear and participate in the proceedings for awhile, then depart, leaving the three souls alone in the trap.

This ballet has choreography worthy of the name. I hope to see it soon and often again. It should become part of the permanent repertoire of at least one American company. Peter Larkin's set, in which the skylight of the first scene becomes the claustrophobic ceiling of the second, is particularly striking.

Closed Door was followed, unfortunately, by *The Desperate Heart,* one of Miss Bettis' earlier works. I noticed on the rehearsal schedule pinned to the bulletin board outside the concert hall that this number was listed, by a slip of the typewriter, as *Desperate Door.* There was one poetry-reader, one piano player (a very good one), and one dancer (Miss Bettis). The theme is "O-the-Agony-of-It-All" and the mood is successfully evoked.

The final work, José Limôn's *The Traitor,* was beautifully performed. Limôn danced the Judas role with his usual combination of subtlety and strength, and Lucas Hoving's portrayal of the Christ figure was touchingly sensitive.

Most of the works presented on these two programs are less impressive in their movement than in their tableaux. They belong to a school of choreography which may, I think, already have become more stylized and ritualistic than the classical forms against which it originally rebelled. A whole set of meaningful gestures has evolved whose significance must be understood if the point of the dance is to be grasped. When the semi-jilted princess of a classical ballet points emphatically to the third finger of her left hand and follows through with a "him and me, see?" motion toward the respective chests of herself and her errant prince, the meaning is pretty clear. So, in time, any old audience will know that a dancer bent slightly forward and making a pass across her abdomen with arm curved and hand flat is having a baby. But let us hope that she will afterward do something a bit more interesting than rock the cradle, or soon there won't be any more old audiences at all.

George Woodruff

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MOVIES

A UN Documentary

THE United Nations Film Board has produced its first full-length film, *Power Among Men,* and three things about it are, in a happy sense, predictable. It deals with the subject of co-operation for survival; it is a collaborative work by filmmakers of many nationalities; its episodes take place in several countries. It is, however, an unsatisfactory picture, thematically unfocussed and, considering the people who made it, surprisingly unskillful in some aspects.

Power Among Men
(United Nations Film Board)

The film is in four sections. The first is set in a wrecked Italian village near Monte Cassino and deals with its reconstruction under the auspices of UNRRA. The second section tells how a UN Technical Assistance Expert helps some Haitian mountain farmers to improve their crops and marketing. The third deals with a multi-national workers' town built during the construction of a hydroelectric dam in British Columbia. And the fourth takes us to an atomic research institute in Norway where scientists from various countries are exploring the peaceful uses of nuclear energy.

The first two sections are patently germane to UN activities. Indeed, the Haitian section is by far the best—good, straight propaganda, undistinguished but clear, colorful, and interesting. The Canadian section has the feel of a "company" film (although it is not) put out by the hydroelectric corporation that built the dam, and is only remotely germane to the UN. And the fourth section, in which an outsider visits the laboratory and asks questions, is simply one more lecture on "The Mushroom Cloud: Yes or No?"

Obviously one doesn't scoff at this or other matters treated in the film, but their treatment must be questioned. As the above outline indicates, the producer never quite decided whether he was making a film for high-school students, sequestrated peasants, or reasonably informed world citizens. The picture suffers especially from this lack of an image of an audience in its maker's mind.

Structurally, too, the film is faulty. The Italian episode, for instance, is in two parts. In 1946 we see help arrive for the village; in 1957 we see a young man saying goodbye to his girl, strolling in the fields with her, having a farewell party with his friends. He is going off to do his military service, we discover, and the whole episode is intended to establish the irony of a village rebuilding itself, then sending a young man to a possible new war that may again destroy the village and thousands like it. But the ironic point is not really made, even subtly; it can only be exhumed after search and is consequently weak.

There is varied use of color and black-and-white in the film. As far as a pattern is discernible, color is used for Good Things and black-and-white for Bad (the transitional sequences of bombing and destruction that link the constructive episodes). The unmemorable score is by Virgil Thomson.

Thorold Dickinson, who produced this film and is its co-author, is a British director of experience and distinction. But at a guess he and his associates are afflicted, consciously or not, with what may be called the UN syndrome. Here is an organization of four thousand exceptional men and women most of whom report promptly at nine each morning for another day's frustration. The accomplishments in Technical Assistance and similar fields are valuable past question, but it is difficult to maintain that this work is the reason for the UN's existence. (The United States wasn't founded in order to establish the US Public Health Service.) The core of the UN is a world government which is not only presently frustrated but permanently shackled and therefore doomed—in gravest matters—to well-meaning impotence. This perhaps creates an atmosphere in the organization of unrealism—or rather of a set of realities quite different from those in the world outside.

Imagine how it must feel to be a member of a world government which, in face of crises with which it ought to be able to deal, can do little more than pass resolutions: which is consulted *after* actions have been started by real governments (Korea, Suez, Lebanon) and which, as yet, hasn't even been consulted in our current most pressing international problem (Berlin). How pertinent would you feel your life to be?

This UN film seems to me an epitome of high-mindedness not quite in control of its subject. One is reluctant to deprecate a picture that means so well and deals with a matter so vital, but the same thing might be said about the UN itself. Like father, like film. Perhaps ineffectuality—even in the idealistic—is contagious.

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